

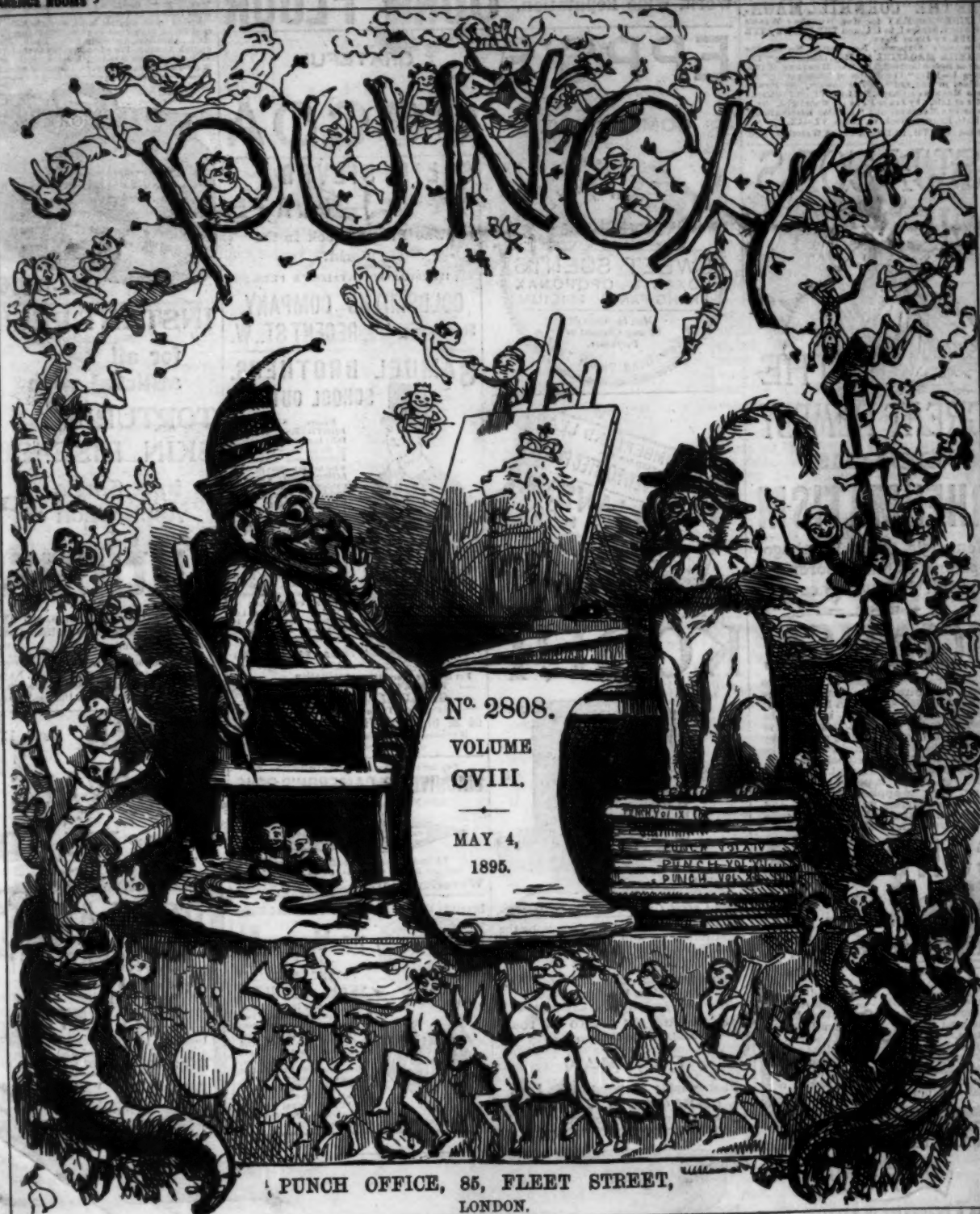
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MAY DAY.

(Strictly according to Precedent.)

OPEN the windows, salute the day;
Welcome, welcome the First of May.
Everything's changed, or ought to
be,
Buds are bursting on hedge and tree.
Sweet winds breathe from the West
or South
Soft as a kiss from a maiden's mouth.
Everything speaks of warmth and
love,
Bright is the sun in the blue above.
Out in the woods, I know, I know,
Fur and feather are all aglow,
Downy rabbits with jewel eyes
Dart about in a wild surprise.
Yellow-billed blackbird, speckled
thrush,
Pour their notes in a tuneful gush.
And all the neat little boys and girls,
With clean fresh faces and hair [in
curls,
Sing in a chorus, "Hurray, hurray!
April's gone, it's the First of
May!"

That's how I dreamt my May-day
dream; [to seem
But things are not what they ought
For the wind—why, bless me, the
wind is East,
And the birds don't warble or chirp
the least. [gloom.
The whole of the sky is wrapped in
And fires are lighting in every room.
And I shiver and sneeze and spend
my day
In a winter-suit on the First of May.

AUK'D ABOUT.—The skin of a Great
Auk was put up for sale last week,
but the reserved price was not reached.
Evidently it was of bad omen that it
should have been put up at an "Auk-
shun."



THE NEW BOY!

"LOOK, FATHER, THIS IS YOUR NEW OVERCOAT."
"BY GEORGE, IT FITS YOU CAPITALLY!"
"YES, DOESN'T IT! YOU WILL NOW BE ABLE TO WEAR MY
OLD CLOTHES!"

DRAMATIC FAMILY LIKENESS.

For the plot of *The Passport*, recently produced with a fair amount of success at Terry's Theatre, the authors admit their indebtedness to Colonel SAVAGE's novel, *My Official Wife*. Oddly enough, this plot bears a considerable resemblance to that of *The Orient Express*, a piece "made in Germany," of which the English adaptation was produced here, at Daly's, during his season. In this piece, i.e., *The Orient Express*, a gentleman has tourist tickets for himself and wife; but his wife, after disposing of her ticket to a professional *cicérone*, returns to England alone, while her husband, travelling on business, continues his journey. The *cicérone* has sold the ticket cheap to a lady, who is therefore compelled to travel under the name inscribed on the ticket, and finds herself in the same carriage with the gentleman who has the corresponding ticket, and the ticket-collector, seeing the same names, hands back both tickets to the gentleman, and tries to keep the carriage strictly reserved for them all the way, in which attempt he fails, and hence arise, on their return to England, complications analogous to those of *The Passport*. Was the novel of *My Official Wife* written before the German farcical play, or is it only a family likeness?

"IL IRA LOIN."—Dr. FARRAR, now Chaplain to the SPEAKER, has been made Dean of Canterbury. From the Deanery to a Bishopric is but a step. He has gone far, will go FARRAR and fare better... and then... FARRAR—well to all his greatness!

STRIKES À LA MODE DE PARIS.

(From the Diary of a Pleasure-seeker of the Future.)

Rose early, intending to have a real good time of it, in spite of the recent disturbances. As a precautionary measure, wore my bullet-proof coat and shell-defying boots. Carried also my armour-plated umbrella, which can be used (on emergencies) as a shield to quick-firing guns. Looked out of window, and found the weather splendid. Firing, too (which I had heard every now and again during the night), seemingly all but ceased.

On reaching the street, representative of the Civil Power cautioned me to be careful. Thanked the representative for his courtesy, and asked why a squadron of hussars were trotting past with drawn sabres. Was told that the soldiers were engaged in the protection of a sweep journeying to his work in a donkey-cart.

Started for a stroll, but had to seek shelter in a doorway from a volley of bullets fired in the direction of the early milkman. From this demonstration I gathered that the food supply would be still further restricted owing to the action of the men on strike. After the purveyor had beaten a hasty retreat, advanced upon a strongly-fortified position, which turned out to be, as I expected it would, a doubly-entrenched cab-stand.

Only one vehicle on the rank. Engaged the cabman. Although I was unaccompanied by a relative or friend, found the space at my disposal distinctly limited. The top of the four-wheeler was, of course, occupied by the customary rocket party. The box had its usual sentry, carrying a couple of revolvers and a search-light. Three of the seats inside were occupied by sharpshooters, and I retained the fourth.

"We had better make for the river," said the officer in command, and we fell in with the suggestion.

Our progress was comparatively uneventful. Certainly at the corners of streets we had to run the gauntlet of a shower of projectiles of various dimensions; still, the armour-plated sides of the cab turned aside the flood of iron, and the custodians, by lying flat as

occasion required, escaped without injury. Leaving the steel-protected cab, I embarked on board an armoured penny steamboat, and made my way down the river. Fortunately, the helmsman was able to avoid the submarine mines which had been laid by the Chairman of the Strike Committee. Our voyage was also rendered exciting by the torpedoes.

Having reached the last pier, I returned to land, and was sufficiently fortunate to catch an omnibus about to start on its exciting campaign. The route, which ran chiefly through main thoroughfares, extended to the length of four miles. Thanks to the exertions of all arms of the service, the distance was traversed in about three hours. Every inch of the ground was hotly contested, but the omnibus at length won the day. The losses on our side consisted of a colonel killed, and seventy-four rank-and-file wounded. The casualties on the side of the strikers were infinitely more numerous.

On reaching my destination, I made for home in a balloon, thus escaping any further molestation.

PRESENTED AT COURT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH.—I notice that "an original dramatic caricature" is being played at the Court Theatre, under the title of *Vanity Fair*. To prevent mistakes, I write to say at once that I am on the eve of constructing a three-volume novel, called *Hamlet, Prince of Denmark*; a poem, called *Box and Cox*; and a satire, called *Macaulay's History of England*. I merely mention this fact to protect my copyright in the names I have chosen for my new works. I have also in contemplation the writing of a book to be entitled *Adam Bede*, a novelette, to be known as *King Solomon's Mines*, and a story to be called *Treasure Island*. May I add that I have also some pantomimes and eccentric ballets nearly ready that will be christened, when completed,—*Esmond*, *The Virginians*, *The New-comers*, *Philip*, and last, but not least, *Pendennis*.

Yours truly, NOTHING IF NOT ORIGINAL.
P.S.—I am thinking of adopting as a *nom de plume* the signature of "WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY."



HIS FAVOURITE SUBJECT.

Imperia. Artist. 'WISH I COULD HAVE GOT IT DONE IN TIME FOR THE ROYAL ACADEMY. SURE TO HAVE BEEN ACCEPTED.'

[*.* The Emperor of GERMANY has recently painted; sea-piece.]



1886.



1896.

HIS FAVOURITE SUBJECT.

Distinguished Amateur soliloquiseeth:—

There!!! Egotistic ways are my abhorrence;

But if this masterpiece were only hung
In the Uffizi Gallery at Florence,
Where LEIGHTON, like a god, ambrosial,

young,
And MILLAIS, in immortal manhood, stand,
Self-limned, for admiration of posterity,
I fancy that this work of my right hand
Would quite eclipse mere Genius, whose

temerity
In challenging comparison with BIRTH
Is really getting something unendurable.

Aha! It moves me to sardonic mirth!
To dream of my position as scorable
By mere Bismarckian brain!!! Now, as the

god,
I come out admirably. Form and stature,
The threatening eye, and the earth-shaking

nod,
All, all to me are simply second nature.
Globe-trampling foot, and hand that grips

the bolt,— [Apollo,—
Aye, and the lyre when I would play
Are mine! Will low-born Genius dare revolt,
Or where I lead Greatness decline to follow?
Absurd! I hardly know in what great guise
To paint my greatness! I have sung of

Egër,
But he was but a sea-god, and his size
And strength compared with mine were

small and meagre.
I am a Joint-stock Deity, as 'twere,
Olympus in a nutshell, Neptune, Mars,

The Cloud-Compeller and the Sungod fair.

Here I'm pure Jove. And yet somehow it

jars
Upon my spirit to be so restricted

To one immortal guise, however grand.
Hah! Gods by their own pencils thus

depicted
Would make a New Valhalla e'en my

hand
Need not disdain to add to. If Narcissus
Had been a painter, now! There is no

stream,
Though clear as my own Rhine or the

Iliassus,
Could do me justice. I must paint my

dream
Of my Supernal Self. A mere reflection
From Nature's mirror would but mar my

beauty.
No; I must limn myself for the inspection
Of men and gods; it is a simple duty.

This does not satisfy me. And it is
Too late, I fear, for Grandmamma's R.A.
Besides, those English journalists might quiz

Even Imperial Art. They've their own

way
Too much by far in that ill-ordered isle,
Those cheeky critic-fellows. Let me catch
A Teuton quill-driver who'll dare to smile
Upon a masterpiece he cannot match!!!

[Left touching it up.

Literary.

A BOOK is announced entitled *Irish Humour through English Glasses*. It will be followed, we hope, by a companion volume, entitled *English (ill) Humour through Irish (Whisky) Glasses*.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

Messrs. BLACKWOOD are issuing a standard edition of the works of GEORGE ELIOT. *Adam Bede*, of course, comes first, admirably printed in dainty volumes of blue and gold. Glancing over the work brings back to the memory of my Baronite a certain schoolboy who, instead of going home to dinner, used to spend the interval in the reading-room of a free library, literally dining off *Adam Bede*, then just out. It will be interesting to observe how far the public of to-day, more especially the young men and maidens who read novels, will take to GEORGE ELIOT. In this new standard edition opportunity, alike in respect of charm and cheapness, is made alluring.

The Curse of Intellect is an unattractive title, suggestive rather of a series of essays on the melancholy lives of certain geniuses than of the weird tale—for such it is—of a Man-Monkey. This story, published by Messrs. BLACKWOOD, and written by MACILAVELLI COLIN CLOUT, is a modern version of *Frankenstein*, the distinction being that, whereas *Frankenstein* constructed his own monster, the hero of this romance, one *Reuben Power*, finds a monster ready to hand in a kind of "Mr. Gorilla," whom he educates to speak a strange language, also to read, write, and think in excellent English. This Converted Ape kills his maker, and then considerably puts an end to his own miserable existence; he does not, however, possess a soul (*Frankenstein's* Monster was also deficient in this respect). "For O it is such a 'horrible tale,' and, except to those who occasionally enjoy "a 'horrible tale,' this cannot be recommended by THE BARON DE B.-W.

BLIND ALLEY-GORIES.

BY DUNNO WÄHRBÄR.

(Translated from the original Lappish by Mr. Punch's own Hyperborean Enthusiast.)

No. III.—A SOCRATIC EXPERIMENT.

THE other day I went out for a walk. My thoughts circled round my head like bees in a bonnet, and detached themselves slowly from the loose white honeycomb of my brain to mirror themselves in my soul, as is usual with me on such occasions. And, somewhere round the corner, a voice lurked calling out remarks—what I knew not, only that they were of a highly personal character. The people I met stared at me, and I stared at them, for I had a presentiment that they were talking about me, but I took no notice of them—beyond informing them that they were

cowards and blowflies, and requesting to be informed why they enclosed their dirty interiors in glass. For I am Young GARNAWAY, and when I take a walk, I generally exchange amenities of this kind with any persons I happen to meet.

At the Market Place, my friend the Tallow-chandler sat inside his shop, dosing under a pale canopy of farthing dips.

"Answer me a question," I begged of him. "Why does one yearn for the top brick off the chimney when one is a child, and yet feel dissatisfied when, as a man, one receives it on the top of one's Sunday tile? Why does the sea bird fly inland in winter to get food from the towns—only to turn up its beak when presented with a ticket for soup? Why do we—?"

My friend the Tallow-chandler answered never a word, but



"A clear and practical illustration."

chucked foolishly to himself and retired behind a barrier of mottled soap.

When I had gone a piece further I reached a back street, where I found my friend the Bird-stuffer sitting on his doorstep, playing the mouth-organ.

"Answer me a question," I besought him. "Suppose you found out that those who hold the reins of government in our town were educating large blue-bottle flies to make apricot jam out of your and your neighbours' pig-wash, would you write to the local paper about it, even if you knew that the editor would decline to insert your letter?"

My friend answered never a word; he only giggled in embarrassment, struck up a mazurka on his mouth-organ, and began to dance sheepishly.

But, down in Mud Alley, my friend the Dustcart-man sat at his open window—a family idyll, wife and six small children, all eating onions and fried fish.

"Answer me a question," I prayed him. "If a person came to you and said, 'Better anything else than sitting here with your head in the domestic halter among the potsherds and puffballs of the old ideals; rather a jolly good row that ends in a fortnight's "hard" than fat-headed, elephant-footed dulness here with your buzzing brood around you!' If a person came to you and said that, what reply would you give him?"

My friend answered never a word; he was out of the window before I had time to walk away; and in a very few moments I received a clear and practical illustration of the sort of reply he would give to such a question.

As for me, I limped home as well as I could, and, when evening fell, and I was done up in brown paper and vinegar, both my eyes gleamed in the evening sun with the iridescent glitter of peacocks' tails.

"FOR THIS RELIEF, MUCH THANKS!"

["Fort Chitral, April 20.—Colonel KELLY's force from Gilgit arrived to-day. . . Much sickness from bad food, excessive work, and exposure. Conduct of troops admirable. . . The discipline, devotion, and fortitude displayed by all ranks under circumstances which required all those qualities are beyond all praise."—Dr. Robertson's Summary of the Siege of Chitral.]

"Small time, but, in that small, most greatly liv'd This star of England."

Chorus: *King Henry the Fifth*, Act V., Scene 2.

ONLY one more "little war,"—of course, Precipitate pluck, and inadequate force—

Such wars as our England wages At terrible cost in British lives, And orphan children and widowed wives, Whereat, though greatly our glory thrives, Our conscience sometimes rages.

But such little wars may need great hearts, And the wandering heroes who play their parts

For England, the wide world over:

Fight as well though they fight—and fall—

In a leagured hut, by a shattered wall,

As though the purple of WELLINGTON's pall

Each death-cold breast should cover.

Devotion, fortitude, discipline? Yes

They always shine in the perilous press,

Where British soldiers rally.

Shine as bright in the hopeless dark

Of the mad *mêlée*, though there's none to mark

The scattered wreckage ruddy and stark

Of the last brave stand or sally.

We rejoice to hear, though we knew we should,

Chitral's defenders again made good

The glorious old tradition

Of loyalty to the flying flag.

Cynics may dub it the torn red rag,

But our tongues shall laud, whilst those

Orgues can wag,

That splendid "superstition."

The men who stood, and the men who came

O'er ice-bound ridges with hearts aflame,

To relieve their leagured brothers,

Have all done well; and the tawny skin

Of those who helped us to war and win,—

Well, your little Englander's less skin To England than those others!

"For this relief, much thanks!" And thanks To dead, and living, and of all ranks.

Forget their service? Never!

"Small time," indeed, but as brightly shone

"This star of England," as it had done

On that stricken field when the lurid sun

Of the Corsican sank for ever.

A FIRST STEP

TOWARDS HISTORICIS.

(Under the guidance of Herr Goethemann.)

Question. Have you witnessed the performance of the Actor-manager?

Answer. No, but I have perused the tragedy of the Author-publisher.

Q. Is it a curtain-raiser?

A. No, but it is a hair-lifter, in three acts.

Q. How many are the persons of the drama?

A. Four.

Q. Of these, how many are objectionable?

A. Five.

Q. Kindly resolve this paradox.

A. All are objectionable that come on the stage, and one that doesn't.

Q. You speak of the stage; where has the play been given?

A. Nowhere. It has not received a license.

Q. Is it the close season?

A. No, but so much private license was

taken by the Author-publisher that the public

censor did not see his way to adding to the amount.

Q. Then we shall not see it interpreted by

intelligent actors?

A. No, for even if license were granted,

the Author-publisher would take all the parts himself.

Q. I do not follow this scheme of plurality.

A. I quote from his own printed advertisement,

"The right of performing in public

this play (sic) is reserved by the author."

Q. Did you state that it is a tragedy?

A. Yes, but inclining to farce.

Q. Does it move the reader to pity and terror?

A. Yes, both. Pity for himself, and terror

of the next thing of the kind that he may

have to read.

Q. Has it any other of the high qualities

of the Greek Tragedy?

A. It says it has the unities.

Q. A severe attack?

A. No, the Norwegian kind; a form of

Teutonic measles, painful but transitory.

Q. Is it heroic?

A. No, but it is suburban.

Q. Is the conclusion worthy of a great

tragedy? Does it end in a lurid light of

whole-souled passion and death?

A. It ends about 4 A.M. the next day,

with a cock crowing. The protagonist has

come home intoxicated, and remains so.

I regret to add that he pushes the heroines,

she having displaced his beverage by break-

ing the glass. She slaps him upon the face,

and eventually loses animation. I do not

know how the other two end, because they

were not home in time for the curtain. As

it was, the Author-publisher nearly spoilt

one of the unities through waiting for them.

Q. All must be well that ends so well.

Is there a problem or enigma?

A. There is always the insoluble riddle—

why did he write it?

Q. Is it full of situations?

A. Not inconveniently so; but there is a

dramatic moment.

Q. Which?

A. I do not know.

Q. Then why do you say there is one?

A. Because the Author-publisher says so.

Q. But is it not wasteful to have three

acts, and only one dramatic moment?

A. I should have thought so; but the

Author-publisher says he has shown economy.

Q. Could you give me an idea of the manner?

Select a striking incident or a passage where

there is subtle characterisation.

A. One situation impressed me very much.

I think it must have been the dramatic

moment. I reserve it for my next.

(To be continued.)

FILIA PULCHRA, MATER PULCHRIOR.

I LOVED a girl, divinely sweet,
An unsophisticated creature;
I did not scruple to repeat
She was divine, you could not meet
More charms displayed in form and feature.

I loved her youthful grace, her slight
And dainty form, an angel's seem-
ing.
Crowned by sweet hair, as dark as
night,
Her face would charm an artist's
sight.
A poet's thoughts, a lover's dream-
ing.

I loved her dark and lustrous eyes,
Which love might light with glow-
ing passion,
Her lips, her neck—you will surmise
I wrote her rhymes, all tears and
sighs,
In lovesick versifier's fashion.

I loved her like a childish pet,
I felt I could not love another,
Until the day when first I met
Her widowed mother, charming yet,
And now, instead, I love her mother.

I love the woman, for the rose,
Full blown, excels the rosebud's
beauty,
Nor think of girlish charms since those
No more inspire my Muse, which shows
My Muse is fit for any duty.

I love her, stately as a queen
Whom VERONESE might have
painted,
Blue-eyed, with hair of golden sheen—
That's just the one thing which has
been
A trouble since we've been ac-
quainted.

I love not charms I loved before,
Dark as the night, or, say a hearse is.
Now auburn beauty pleases more,
My wasted hours I deplore—
I've had to alter all those verses.

EPHING AND OVERSTEPPING.—At a meeting of forest borderers, Wansted, it was asserted that since the Corporation had had control of the forest, upwards of 100,000 trees had been felled. If true, the members of the Corporation-Epping-Forest-Committee will henceforth be known as "those fellers!"



"ANIMAL SPIRITS."

No. XII.—OUTSIDE EXETER HALL.

TO CIRCE.

"If doughty deeds my lady please,"
Though somewhat old and gouty,
The first occasion I will seize
Of doing something "doughty";
"If gay attire delights your eye,
I'll dight me in array"
Which every casual passer-by
Will think extremely gay.

"If sweetest sounds can win your ear,"
I'll cheerfully begin (fear,
Though somewhat late in life, I
To learn the violin;
In fact, whatever task you set,
You'll speedily discover
That in the writer you have met
A most submissive lover.

I could exemplify the fact
Through several extra verses,
How I would please, by every act,
My kindest of Circe's;
And yet by destiny malign
You've happened just to choose
The single task which, though divine
The bidder, I refuse.

The single task—and pardon, pray,
If, not without compunction,
Reluctantly I disobey
Your positive injunction:
Ask what you will, I'll undertake
The deed, however big,
But do not—blind my eyes and
Me try to draw a pig! [make

TO A PICTURE.

You pretty face, upon my wall,
Enshrined in glass and oak and gold,
Most charming deaf-mute—and withal
My confidante—what'er befall,
My trust in you will rest untold,
You pretty face!

What do they call you? Is it
"Spring"? "Race"? "The Coming"
Or "Blossoms"? or "The Coming"
It matters not in any case,
Your name may be just anything
For all I care, you pretty face.

You bring me back old scenes anew,
You've something of my lady's grace,
Of her sweet features just a trace,
And so I have re-christened you—
I won't say what—you pretty face!

I have no portrait to recall
The sweetest of all maids to me,
Nor have I need of one at all,
Yet, seeing you upon my wall,
By pleasing "make-believe" I see
Her pretty face!

BABY'S DIARY.

["The Nursery Tricycle contains two seats, one for the mistress and one for the maid and her charge, and has two pairs of pedals."—*Daily Paper.*]

THIS is rather fun! Ever so much better than those crawling old mail-carts and perambulators. Wonder mother and nurse never thought of it before. A pneumatic tandem, too, I notice. Hope they understand blowing tire up again when it bursts.

Nurse a duffer at pedalling. A mere passenger! Have to keep her up to the mark by crying. Frightened a pony in a trap. Sarcastic driver said, "You don't want a bell to your machine with that child yelling like a tom-cat on fire." Gives me a hint—I must see how our cat does yell when it's on fire.

Really, I never saw such steering! Mother has just run us into a brick wall. Disgraceful! Why wasn't she taught tricycling when she was young? Her education has certainly been horribly neglected.

Why should I sit in the middle, though? Can't see the country properly. Make another protest—louder, if



possible. Passing pedestrian observes, "You should call your machine a cryocycle, not a tricycle." Put out my tongue at him. Nurse offers to give me a "pick-a-back"; says she can pedal too! The old humbug! Scratch her face. Mother offers me a seat on front handle. Not half bad. Fresh air makes one uncommonly hungry. Time for my bottle. Insist on my outriders stopping at a public for milk. Find the pony, trap, and sarcastic driver stopping there too. Latter says to Mother, "So you've brought the infant phenomenon with you, Ma'am!" Wonder what he means. He adds something about a "fog-horn." Rude, I fancy.

Back homewards. Awfully sleepy after that milk. Curious milk. Perhaps sarcastic person drugged it to quiet me? Fast asleep. Wakened by crash! Stars! Oh, what is it? Try to yell—can't—mouth full of something.

Latter. In my cot, thank Heaven! Heard doctor say, "Severe shock, but no bones broken." Awful headache. Seems that break went wrong going down-hill. Well, no "safety tandem" for me again—can't stand 'em, myself, not being in favour of infanticide. Give me a good old mail cart!



FELINE AMENITIES.

Miss Trogusling. "OH YES! THERE ARE SUCH LOVELY SEAS AND SKIES IN CORNWALL, AND SUCH ROCKS AND CAVES—AND SEALS—AND THE MOST MAGNIFICENT WILD WAVES YOU EVER SAW—AND—"
 Mrs. Frou-Frou. "BUT NO DRESS-MAKERS, I SUPPOSE!"

JOHN STANDS ALOOF.

(SHIMONOSEKI, 1895.)

"Circumstances might arise, of course, in which we should feel called upon to safeguard our interests, but so far we discern no adequate ground for interference."—*The "Times" on the Joint Protest of Russia, France and Germany against the annexation portion of the Treaty of Shimonoseki.*

AIR—"The Heathen Chinese."

JOHN BULL sings:—

I STAND by, and I mark,
 And I see some things plain;
 And the looks that are dark
 At the JAP's game, and gain,
 From that Heathen Chinese, are peculiar;
 But aloof I'm content to remain!

AN SIN at the game
 Thought him chipper and spry;
 But he's "spooked" all the same—
 (Whatsome'er that imply)—
 And his smile is less pensive and childlike
 Than when he once played with BILL NYE.

Little JAP looked absurd—
 As regarding mere size—
 And some people inferred
 He was feeble likewise;
 Yet he's played it this time upon JOHNNY
 In a way it's scarce safe to despise.

In the saffron pair's game
 I did not take a hand.
 Some conceived that the same
 JAP did not understand;
 But his grin somehow soon turned the tables
 On "the smile that was childlike and bland."

'Tis a theme for BRET HART,
 P'raps he only could show
 The artful JAP's art—
 If I may put it so—
 In a way which is worthy the subject.
 But me interfere, gents? Why, no!

If JAP's cards had been stocked—
 Which I do not believe—
 Had our feelings been shocked
 By the state of JAP's sleeve;
 We might have had reason for charging
 The same with intent to deceive.

But the hands he has played
 With that Heathen Chinese,
 And the points he has made,
 Are, as far as I see,
 The result of good play plus good fortune;
 And does it concern you or me?

The Russ standing by
 Turned his glance upon me.
 (For the JAP's pile was high.)
 And he hissed, "Shall this be?
 Must I have this smart JAP for a neighbour?
 Shall he clear out the Heathen Chinese?"

Swarthy FRANÇOIS looked glum,
 Ginger HANS rubbed his chin:
 But I smoked and stood mum,
 As the JAP raked the tin.
 Then I says, "He's played fairly and squarely.
 So what call have we to out in?"

"In the game, as you know,
 You would not take a hand,
 But a short while ago;
 So let JAPPY now land
 The stakes, and AN SIN take his hiding
 At the game his foe does understand.

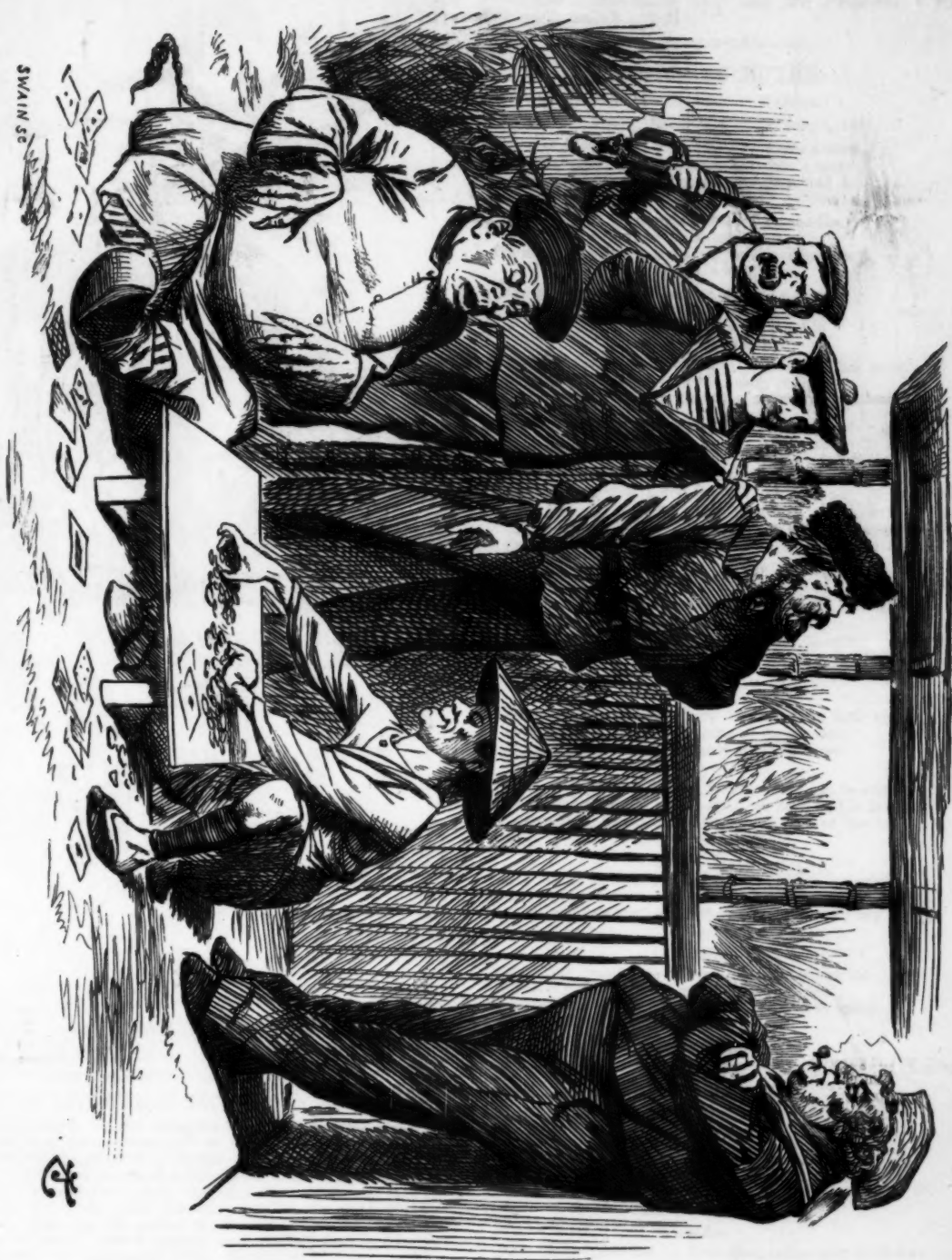
"JOHNNY thought himself strong
 At that game; but the facts
 Seem to prove he was wrong;
 And unwisely he acts
 In howling at getting in warfare
 What's frequent in warfare—that's
 whacks!

"Which is why I remark,
 And my purpose is plain,
 That looks that are dark
 At the JAPPY are vain.
 And, although you may think me peculiar,
 Aloof—for the time—I remain!"

SOMETHING IN THE WAY OF "GREAT EXPECTATIONS."—When JAMES S. BALFOUR arrives, no doubt his first visit will be to the editor of the *Penny Illustrated Paper*, in which paper appeared the portrait of him as "Mayor of CROYDON," wearing his chain of office—alas! the chain!—that led directly to his identification and arrest. The photograph was taken first and JAMES was taken afterwards. Will JAMES S. BALFOUR call in at the office of the *P. I. P.* and say, with *Joe Gargery*, "Ever the best of friends, ain't us, *P. I. P.*?" Not quite likely.

PROPOSED CHANGE OF NAME.—If Sir WHITTAKER ELLIS agrees to the scheme for adding Bute House Estate—a Bute-iful property—to Richmond Park, thus preserving it from the builders, then will he be gratefully remembered as "WISSEACRE ELLIS."

"BAR GOLD."—Fees to barristers.



JOHN STANDS ALOOF.

RUSSIA, "IS HE TO HAVE ALL *THIS*?"
JOHN BULL, "WELL—HE'S PLAYED A SQUARE GAME—I DON'T SEE ANY CALL TO INTERFERE."

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES



MAY 1. THE SWEEPS' FESTIVAL.

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE. * * NICE FOR NEXT FARE.

REMARKABLE INSTANCE OF SAGACITY IN GROUSE.

To *The Field* of April 20, Mr. FREDERICK MILBANK wrote about the "Monument to a Grouse Shooter" on Wimmergill Moor. Mr. MILBANK considered the number of grouse he had bagged as constituting a "record," and so caused a monument to be erected on the spot sacred to the memory of four thousand brace of grouse shot in six days by five guns with one extra gun on the sixth day. The monument, being erected, scared the grouse away. Of course they read the sad story, held a council, and decided that as long as F. A. MILBANK was anywhere about, within shot, they would preserve themselves by avoiding him. Subsequently the monument was removed to Bamingham in North Yorkshire. But the North Yorkshire birds are quite indifferent to this tale from *The Hills*. They wink the other eye, that is until such time as FREDERICK A. MILBANK shall show them the sort of gun *As is*, and then they'll be sorry for not having taken warning earlier, unless they possess the sagacity of the grouse of Wimmergill, which resembles that of Mr.

Jingle's dog, who read the inscription on the board, "Gamekeeper has orders to shoot all dogs found in this inclosure," and "wouldn't pass it." "Singular circumstance that," said Mr. Pickwick. "Will you allow me to make a note of it?"

THE MODERN BUYER:

GROWLS OF MODERN "MASTERS."

Royal Academy, Burlington House, May 3, 1895.

THE "Old Masters" over, the New make a start.
Another year's past and another year's come;
And Fame blows a blast on her trumpet, and Art
Beats her drum!

"Walk Up!!" An example is set by the Court;
And Society hastens—a feverish throng;
A mere glance at the pictures, for life is but short—
And Art's long!

Three artists looked on with a cynical smile—
One needy Outsider, and two rich R.A.'s
(Both walking on velvet, because of the pile
They could raise).

They discussed the "Art Patron"—in all of that crowd
An *avis* that's rare and rare each year.
And these are the words that they spoke, and allowed
Me to hear:—

First R.A.

"Now, to none do I yield in my love of VANDYCK—
I adore the Italians—bow down to the Dutch;
VELASQUEZ I worship, and Goya I like
Very much.

"But alas! for the SHEEPSHANKS and VERNONS of old—
For the HILLS and the rest of a connoisseur race!
Old MECENAS has gone; and investors of gold
Take his place."

Second R.A.

"'Old Masters' they buy—any ancient design—
Eighteen-thirty or so is the latest they'll own;
None but 'made reputations'—no work, how'er fine,
If unknown."

Outsider.

"Their Art's in their bankers'-books, not in their eyes
To encourage the artist is none of their plan;
They seek an investment that's likely to rise—
To a man.

"Do they think that fine art nowhere else can be seen
But in saint that is squint-eyed, or boor that is drunk,
In brown tree, Dutch canal, man with ruff, or the lean
Spanish monk?"

Second R.A.

"Just reflect to what artists of old had been brought
(Such as REYNOLDS, or RAPHAEL, or PHIDIAS the Greek)
Had their patrons informed them they meant to buy nought
But antique!"

Outsider.

"Then, our drawing is better—our atmosphere too.
Plein air was ignored, or they voted it vice.
As to 'values,' 'twas little they thought of or knew—
Save of price."

First R.A.

"When men buy modern art, they buy Leightons and Moores
And Sargents and Swans and the rest of our lot;
But as to their knowledge—like mine or like yours—
Tommy rot!"

Second R.A.

"Do you think they appreciate LEWIS's skies—
Do they care if they're worked up in stipple or wash?
Do you think it's the *Art* (not the money) they prize?
Simply bosh!"

Outsider.

"No. They judge not by Art—they judge only by fame;
And the artist may starve on his poor pallet-bed;
But their hundreds and thousands they shower on his name
When he's dead!—

"When the two Greatest Masters—Old Varnish and Time—
To his work superficial beauties have lent,
Lo behold, they appreciate! Be it so. I'm
Quite content."



"1896." THE ROYAL ACADEMY FIELD DAY.

A FRIEND AT A PINCH.

(An Utterly Impossible Incident that will never be "Reported.")

SCENE—A Court of Law. Experienced Counsel arguing a point in the teeth of his Lordship on the Bench.

His Lordship (angrily). No, Mr. BANDS, I really cannot agree with you. It seems to me that you are merely wasting our time, and no doubt your own.

Experienced Counsel (politely). Not at all, my Lord. I scarcely venture to urge the great importance of the matter to my client.

His Lordship. No doubt; and your client showed excellent judgment in entrusting his interests to your hands. Still law is law, and can never be anything else.

Exp. C. Your Lordship is most kind. But my point, my Lord, is so plain—the matter is so clear. Surely your Lordship must see it.

His Lordship (with much irony). It is my fault, no doubt, Mr. BANDS, but as matter of fact your point is absolutely lost to me. I confess I cannot see it at all.

Exp. C. I would not propose for a moment that your Lordship's judgment is at fault. But I would venture to suggest that the atmosphere of the Court is sufficiently dense to cloud the clearest and most brilliant intellect.

His Lordship (mollified). There is a good deal in what you say, Mr. BANDS, but of course, we must put up with it. There is no remedy.

Exp. C. With every possible respect to the Bench, my Lord, I would humbly suggest that there is a remedy.

His Lordship. Can you quote a case?

Exp. C. I can, at any rate, refer to an opinion.

His Lordship. Has it been reported?

Exp. C. Certainly, my Lord. You will find it in the Reports of the Hardwicke Society. Lord Chief Justice RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN has laid it down that snuff is a most valuable assistance to the proper dispensation of justice. His Lordship has declared that the inhaling of prepared tobacco through the nostrils "clears the judicial brain, predisposes it to calmness and impartiality, and enables a learned judge to listen with patience to the most fluent and prolific of forensic orators." If your Lordship pleases.

[Offers snuff-box to the Judge.]

His Lordship (after taking a pinch). Well, certainly the point you have raised seems clearer to me than it did. (After a few moments of consideration.) I will reserve the case for further consideration, and will deliver judgment later.

Exp. C. As your Lordship pleases. I will ask the usher to hand my authorities to your Lordship.

His Lordship (receiving snuff-box). You are very good. I will not overlook their assistance in coming to a conclusion. I hope the occasion may never arise when I might be compelled, as the vulgar tongue expresses it, to "give you snuff." [Scene closes upon mutual courtesies.]



"OH, I'M GLAD YOU'VE GOT A PIANO IN THE ROOMS! WHAT IS IT!—
A BROADWOOD!" "NO, MUM. MYOGHNY!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 22.—Easter holidays over; school back; new master in charge; process of installation a little lacking in pomp and circumstance. This due in large measure to incidence of holiday. At Westminster, as at other schools, boys don't insist, *vi et armis*, on returning on the opening day. Wide gaps on most of the benches; Front Opposition Bench a wilderness. PRINCE ARTHUR and all his merrie men abstained from lending to installation of new Speaker the grace and comfort of their presence.

"It is quite true, dear boy," PRINCE ARTHUR said, when I gently hinted that the Leader of Opposition should have been present on such occasion, "that when our man was defeated I said, Mr. WILLIAM COURT GULLY having been elected by a majority of the House, is representative of the whole House. But it's a long name, you know, and in ordinary practice I must stop short at WILLIAM. You can't expect me to COURT GULLY."

Amid depressing circumstances as far as attendance went, new Speaker bore himself faultlessly. Quick-change process watched with breathless interest from Ladies' Gallery. First, Speaker-Elect, preceded by Mace, entered, attired in Court dress with close-fitting bob-wig. At summons of Black Rod, proceeded to House of Lords; placed at Bar in custody of Black Rod and Sergeant-at-Arms; not even "accommodated with a chair." There to receive HER MAJESTY's sanction of choice of Speaker made by Commons. Happened that the QUEEN couldn't come. One of the cloaked and wigged figures on Woolpack mentioned the matter in charmingly casual way.

"It not being convenient for HER MAJESTY to be personally present at this time," said a voice which betrayed the LORD CHAN-

CELLOR, "a Commission has been issued under the Grand Seal empowering the Lords named therein to convey Royal Assent to Commons' selection of Speaker."

LORD CHANCELLOR quite friendly with Speaker-Elect, whom he familiarly addressed as "Mr. GULLY." Spoke highly of his talents, diligence, and sufficiency to fulfil important duties to which it had pleased majority of Commons to call him. Said he had made it all right with the QUEEN, and that WILLIAM COURT might go back to Commons, and get about his business. SPEAKER, not to be outdone in geniality, begged his anonymous friend, one of five muffled up in scarlet gowns, in the event of any mess being made with matters in the other House, to impute the blame to him alone, and let the other fellows go soot-free.

Amongst crowd of Commoners clustered behind SPEAKER there was scarcely a dry eye when this noble sentiment was uttered.

"Solong!" said the voice that was certainly the LORD CHANCELLOR's. Taking this as hint to retire, SPEAKER withdrew from the Bar, and left the House "Without a stain on his character," as the Earl of CORK and ORRERY handsomely said. Returned to Commons in procession, with Mace lightly but firmly carried by Sergeant-at-Arms. Instead of taking Chair, marched round by passage to the rear, disappeared from view. Consternation in Strangers' Gallery.

"He's bolted!" one gentleman whispered to his neighbour. "Funked it when the music stopped and he came to the horses."

After few moments of growing uneasiness, a fine figure, in full-bottomed wig, silken gown, beneath which silver-buckled shoes shimmered, emerged from behind SPEAKER's Chair, and sat'd itself in it. "Order! Order!" said a full, pleasant voice; and WILLIAM COURT GULLY entered upon what promises to be a prosperous and distinguished career.

SARK tells me that, on going into Committee of Supply, he intends to move that henceforward the gallery over the Clock facing the Chair shall be called "The Speaker's Gallery." SARK always thinks of the right thing at the right time.

Business done.—New Speaker installed.

Tuesday.—The Order by which Ministers took Tuesdays having lapsed, private Members to-night came into their own again. Always stoutly resist incursion of greedy Governments on their small possessions. Might reasonably be supposed that, having come into their inheritance, would have made most of it. Lots of things to do to-night. Several resolutions on paper, with Orders of Day to follow. What happened was that by a quarter to nine enthusiasm finally evaporated; count called; only thirty-seven Members responded; lights forthwith put out.

Opening debate on Charity Commission certainly a little heavy. Every Member who got his chance felt it incumbent on him to speak for at least half an hour. Some considerably exceeded this limit.

"*Parturiunt montes*," said HERBERT MAXWELL, wearily looking round as GRIFFITH-BOSCAWEN followed JOHN ELLIS and JESSE COLLINGS succeeded FRANCIS STEVENSON; "*nascitur ridiculus mus*."

And so it was. Particular mountain at work when the mouse appeared was J. W. LOWTHER. Mouse entered from behind SPEAKER'S Chair; leisurely proceeded along passage between Front Opposition Bench and table at which J. W. was speaking disrespectfully of JESSE COLLINGS. Halted by PRINCE ARTHUR'S empty seat; nibbled fibre of matting in remonstrance at his absence; passed round fearlessly by J. W.'s heels; sat for moment in full view of House listening attentively to J. W.'s argument; yawned and sauntered back the way it came. Interest in debate evidently keener than that of average Member. As soon as ACLAND'S voice reverberated through almost empty Chamber, mouse observed strolling back along familiar way; took its seat on floor under shadow of Mace in defiance of all Parliamentary rule; followed ACLAND'S argument with evidently keen interest. Interrupted by approach of RICHARD TEMPLE. Quickly looking up and catching sight of his stately figure bowing to SPEAKER, mouse fled like the wind, in its terror making off by Treasury Bench, finally escaping by another exit.

"*Cogitato*," said HERBERT MAXWELL, who breakfasts every morning off a plate of porridge and a page of PLAUTUS,—

"*Cogitato, mus pusillus quam sit sapiens bestia,
Etatem qui uni cubili nunquam committit suam.*"

Business done.—Pension of £4,000 a year voted to ARTHUR WHELESLEY PERL, late Speaker.



Fancy Picture of Sir Thomas Esmonde bringing forward Queen Lily o' Killarney "Hawaii."

Thursday.—All very well for gay young Irish baronet like ESMONDE to champion cause of errant Queens throned in summer seas. Expected other things from THE MACGREGOR. House quite shocked when he interposed just now. ESMONDE asked EDWARD GREY whether Government could do anything to obtain proper treatment for Queen of Hawaii. Before Under Secretary could reply, THE MACGREGOR, suddenly leaping across dyke as it were, interposed. "As I happen to know the lady who was formerly Queen of Hawaii," said THE MACGREGOR, and so proceeded to back up ESMONDE'S plea. Offhand way in which reference was made suggested illimitable possibilities. THE MACGREGOR just "happened to know" this Queen, probably one of a bevy. On some quiet night House might hope to hear paper read by THE MACGREGOR on "Queens I Have Known."

SARK curiously anxious as to where the acquaintance was made, and how it was nurtured. Did THE MACGREGOR vaccinate Her Majesty whilst he, still in public capacity, sojourned at Penrith? Was she an inmate of Peebles Hydropathic Institute what time he was resident physician? or did he minister to her at the Barnhill Hospital and Asylum, Glasgow, of which, before he took to Imperial politics, he was superintendent? Pleasant still to think of THE MACGREGOR and the Queen with the musical name wandering hand in hand amid the orange groves of sea-girt Hawaii, breakfasting on the bountiful bread-fruit, lunching off the succulent yam. Did he in those days call her so much as LILUOKALANI? or did he venture on the diminutive LILI? SARK had better give notice of these questions.

Business done.—Fresh Ministerial Bills brought in with both hands.

Friday.—Another private Members' night, and, by consequence, another count out. Things kept going till a quarter to eight, but only with utmost difficulty. Members consented to stay in prospect of division on ALBERT ROLLIT'S motion protesting against exemption of Government property from rating. But they would not longer linger. When LURBCK followed, with proposal of pleasant chat about London's share of imperial contribution to local purposes, the few remaining Members, vainly trying to look as if they'd be "back in ten minutes," walked out. House counted; only twenty-five present, and so home to dinner.

"Yes, yes," said WALTER LONG, left in charge of Front Opposition Bench, "but this won't prevent us on Monday, when SQUIRE OF MALWOOD proposes to take Tuesday and Friday mornings for public business, stubbornly resisting piratical incursion on the rights of private Members. Whatever we are, let us be logical."

Business done.—Ministerial defeat on ROLLIT'S amendment averted by majority of one.

THE BATTLE OF EASTBOURNE.

*Natis in usum letitiae rosis
Pugnare Eastbourni est.*

HORACE (*slightly emended*).

It is not the English nature, but the English climate that makes us take our pleasures sadly (if we do, which we don't). And it is not the fault of the English nature, but of the organisers, if our public pageants are usually, like our statues, more or less good-humoured burlesques of what they are meant to represent. Now Eastbourne has triumphantly shown that, in spite of chilling and heavy rain, England can rival the sunny South in the beauty and variety of a big procession of floral cars. And if Eastbourne can do this, why can it not be done elsewhere? "Organise, organise, organise," and let the hiring merry-maker be conspicuously absent. Your hiring will still wear his armour as if he were bearing the *spolia opima* of a burgled marine-store dealer. And the lady hiring, as a sea-nymph or a shepherdess, can never quite forget what she owes to her dignity as a respectable married woman. In the interests of the family exchequer, and in the way of business, she may consent to dally with allegory, but her heart is not in the mermaid's grot, nor do the spacious times of Great ELIZABETH inspire her, beyond the Victorian circus-smile, the circus-smile which puts a girdle round about the face for forty minutes, or more if the procession be so long a-field. At the Eastbourne Battle of Flowers everyone lived up to his or her

coach, carriage, wheel-barrow or cart, in a way which speaks volumes for the artistic sense of the South Saxons. The children, as children use, took the cake—after Mr. EDGAR BRUCE. They were there in great numbers and variety, from the little *Tivania* in her fairy goat-chaise, o'er canopied with flowers and flying doves, to the very small skipper of the very realistic ship, who stood on the rainy deck with drawn sword and unswerving dignity for some two hours of constant and crowded parading. "Bravo, BURNABY," is the resultant cry of gratified spectators, and better weather next time. A better show it would be ungrateful to suggest.

Umra Khan's Consigne.

WHEN headstrong chieftains say "I shan't,"
Or do the things they're bidden not to,
Like UMRA KHAN (now UMRA can't),
They'll find "*non possumus*" their motto.

AGRICULTURAL PROSPECTS.—The Kent farmers are looking forward to a hoppy future. "What's the odds" to them "as long as they're hoppy?"

"A 'FELT' WANT."—A comfortable and respectable-looking billycock hat.

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